

The Angel Of Smokeless Fire

Nightbringer

Oh merciless Titan! I direct my vision upon Thy terrible glare, that our sight may conjoin as one. For I have crawled out from the wombgrave of silent serenity, rested my burning tongue in the cold waters of oblivion and placed a skull atop the staff of my ascension. Cloaked in starless night have I journeyed upon the mare of shadow, across mountains made of childrens' bones unto the saturnian springs where I washed the face off my soul. Soundless there, I plunged my sword into the knot of existence. With eyes covered in salt I beheld the Angel of smokeless fire, singing wordless hymns through the chthonian winds, piercing his voice through my chest, void of heart, to awaken the pole unto which all iniquity is drawn. Pulsating with death-like vigor, I there was crowned upon a tomb crowded with the glimmering reflections upon the lunar lakes. Eye gleaming with ancient terror stolen from the Abysmal sparks that dance above my anointed brow. The Throne of shameless murder be my seat, under which weight even the burden of life is crushed. Devouring the Word of reason to spew it into the bowels of the great Dragon, so that I may become Dumah - The angel of the silence of death, spreading the fourfold wings of solar Darkness across the blind mass called ALL.